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# This Is The Day I Die



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## Chapter 1 by 20hupj

Imagine that you could know everything in your life, as if it was all layed out in front of you like a timeline. Every moment, every smile and every tear you already knew. That time you fell out of a tree and broke your arm. You knew it was going to happen and your 11 year old self was dreading it the whole time. The day that boy kissed you? You had already seen it a million times.

My breathing comes out in sobs, my chest heaving. I look around at the family members crowded around my 16 year old self, trying to memorize every detail. My mother strokes my hair, smiling sadly down at me. Everywhere I look is just sadness. A tear rolls down my cheek.

I have dreaded this day all my life.

This is the day I die.

## Chapter 2 by Eunice Ong Jo Xing



I need some time to myself.

The door clicks shut behind me. I draw the curtains close, pull the blinds. Then, I stand in front of the mirror and stare intently into it, my warm breath fogging up the surface of the mirror.

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She dons my features and habits, but even more so, the most horrific image was disquieting. Under the eerie light of the moon, the figure of her frame appear blurred. It was as if she had melded out of the sinister shadows, the contour of her svelte being

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but nebulous matter thrown momentarily into the iridescence. The dark circles around her eyes brings an element of wariness embodied in every line of her figure. The tensed muscles in her jaw, her neck, her shoulders, tell a story of pent up grief and underlying terror. Fear, a beast without form nor shape, lurks in the the way her fingers twitch every other second, and the gentle trembling of that delicate jawline.

She was darkness incarnate.

Those eyes, that I'd always prized above any other physical attributes I possessed, stare back at me in appraisal. One moment, they are igneous rocks, crystallised by molten lava; the next, they are opalescent, enigmatic.

And finally, I let down my guard, broke down the walls I had bricked with apprehension and consuming dread from knowing my very fate. Before me, stands a trembling twig of a girl, her eyes as green as the very grass her body would soon provide substance to; as green as the leaves of the tree that would guard her rest day after day without fail, until its life is too, ended, by none other than another living being, walking on his two legs, the only pulse left beating on those grounds.

A knock sounds from my door.

Inhale, exhale.

I lift my chin, a single tear tracing a glistening path down my cheekbones to hang on the edge of my jaw. I remember every torturous second, every gory detail, every spine-chilling cry. My throat closes up at my mother's soft plea through the door, for me to come out, to join them, join the living as they converse with me one last time.

I scoff humourlessly. To them, to me, to all of us:

I am already dead.

Chapter 2 by Matthew Poon

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My eyes make contact with one of them. I stare at him, his ethereal body glowing in the gloom of the sadness that surrounded us. There is acknowledgement in his eyes, a kind of camaraderie, a connection in death. But we do not try to speak; there is no need to. Rather, can we?

Nevermind.

They say death is the light at the end of the tunnel. I'd say death is simply another state of being. There is life, then there is death. No tunnels, road trips, or life-flashing-before your eyes. Does Heaven exist? Maybe, I don't know, but no, not for now at least. Maybe there is more, maybe there isn't. But this version of death is all I have for now.

I turn to look at the grief that surrounds what was me, the physical proof that I had left behind, evidence that I had once existed. Vaguely aware of the rest of us, I realise that none of us seem to anything. Our faces, muted and emotionless, save for the single tear that line my cheeks. Grim, but nothing that told anything. I think, maybe this tear represents all my previous attachment to Life. My regrets, my thoughts, wishes, feelings, and emotions. It symbolised my final goodbye.

The corner of my eye flickers.

He is still staring at me.

He flickers, blinks, then disappears. A worrying question arises within me.

What's going on? If the Living disappear when they die, and the Dead still disappear, then...

Are we really dead?

#### Chapter 4 by stayawesomerrr



I heard someone humming. There were words too. "This will be the day that I die..."

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Chapter 5 by

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I can remember the days leading up to this. I remember everything I could to change my fate. From leaving town and starving myself to running through the forest and screaming. But I

could not run enough. I could not out run death. This ghost that has haunted me for 16 years is staring me in the face, expectantly - never leaving me in peace. Every birthday was silent torture. Happy relatives would surround me with beautiful gifts. Mom would give me that cheer-up smile. And dad would, well... He would just leave. As he did now. He was the only other person who knew my fate. He too could see every moment of my life. And that is why he always left. From the beginning I was a disappointment. He had wanted a son. I was born a girl. He had wanted someone to talk with, go fishing with, and hunt with. I was born a fragile girl with no surprises. We both knew I could never be normal. I would never be happy like other children. Because, my fate was ever calling. Calling me to the future. And now, calling me to the present. Here I am, lying on my bed - surrounded by sadness. But I can not hold out any longer. I take away my hand from my mothers, and shield my frightened face. The voice grows stronger. It is calling. I must go...

### Chapter 6 by -



My eyelids closed the final passageway to Earth. My heart no longer beat the blood of life through my veins. My soul now rejoiced, as it flew from a temporal bony cage to everlasting freedom. I left the casing of someone else lying limp on the bed.

I entered into pure beauty. Musical voices surrounded me. I felt as if I was only now beginning to live...

### Chapter 7 by -



I heard genuine laughter behind me. "I have been waiting for so long; I thought you would never come!"

A man with a happy countenance, and pleasant smile put out his hand to me. I shook it and grinned back broadly. "What do you mean you have been waiting?"

He had short spiky brown hair and a nice tan. "I have been watching you for the past sixteen years! It is because of me that you could foretell your future..."

I was totally confused, but I didn't ask him for an explanation. I just walked away. See more of Story Wars

"Come on, I'll explain it to you." I said, walking down the flowery path.

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him down the flowery path.

**Chapter 8 by Annie Leigh (GONE...)**

He brought me to a small building, and opened the door for me. I froze as I entered the massive room. There had to be seventy, maybe seventy five tubs of ice cream. Any flavor you could imagine. The man I followed stepped up to the counter, in front of a middle aged woman, who had a big smile across her face. "I'll have three scoops on a cone, one of black cherry, one of coconut, and one of bacon... She'll have three as well, two cookies and cream, and one cinnamon". I stood in awe. How did he know my favorite ice cream flavors? Well, he said he has been watching me forever, so I shouldn't be surprised.

He didn't even pay, and we walked back outside once again among the flowers.

"So, who are you?" I ask. He smiles "okay... let's just say... I was a friend of your grandfathers". How could he be my grandfather's friend? He doesn't even look half his age.

"Anyway, as he came here to join me, he told me to keep an eye on you once you were born. That you should know the things that were to happen... You should see the future. I promised him I would, and today, I wanted just a few minutes to tell you that everything will be fine".

I'm having a hard time taking this all in "so where's my grandfather?"

"I'm afraid he couldn't stay long... But that's not important. Oh dear. Only thirty seconds left. Um... What did he tell me to say to you... That you can't stay, either. You must return with them. To watch over yo-".

The last part of the sentence was cut off. Everything had turned black, and silent.

I could feel myself... My eyes open, but are a little blurred. As I focus, I see a starry sky above me, and I realize I'm... Alive...

I stand up, and look around. I'm in front of my house. I open the main door, which was unlocked. My parents are sitting huddled together on the couch, their eyes puffy and red.

I run to them, expecting them to jump into my arms, even maybe faint.

But they don't move. Staring right through me, like if I was a ghost.

My eyes tear up... The man told me I would return, but I'm just a ghost.

That's when I figure everything out. What the man said. Why he said it. Why I was named

Gabriella, from my grandfather.  
I'm their garden angel.

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